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THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

"I will give thee the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places."—Is. 45:2.

What shall I give to thee,
Daughter, low kneeling,
Kneeling and seeking for blessings divine?
Ask what thou wilt of Me—
Mercy and healing?
Peace and the joy I have promised to Mine?

Nay, as the sun and air
Freely they're flowing
Unto each soul bought by sacrifice free,
Richer the gifts, more rare,
Passing all knowing,
Child of my inner heart, give I to thee.

Treasures of darkness, lo!
Now do I offer,
Gems at whose lustre all crown jewels pale,
Rubies with fire glow,
Gold from my coffers,
Spices and odors that fade every gale.

Ask of Me, ask of Me
Strength for their holding,
Hands that can bravely such riches unfold,
Eyes that undazzled see
Wonders unfolding,
Ears to hear music that cannot be told.

Only pure feet may tread
Steady and fearless
Down the steep steps that lead to that
mine;
Only faith conquers dread,
Pure-eyed and peerless,
Seeing through cloud-veils the perfect sunshine.

Down in the darkness lie
Rubies whose lustre
Mirrors that blood which can cleanse every
stain;
Diamonds their brilliancy
Flash from each cluster—
Tears that have rainbowed the sunshine
again.

Sapphires of truth there be
Blue as the morning,
Milky white pearls and the fair opal's dyes,
Types of true purity,
False meanness scorning,
Red gold of holiness dropped from the skies.

Burning by night and day
Down in the darkness,
Fiercely the furnace flames lick up the gold;
Fair are the forms that lay
Polished and chiseled,
Carven work, beaten work, work from the
mould.

Patience and peace are there;
Sorrow and duty,
Pain's sharpest weapons have fashioned their
form;
Hope, love and trusting prayer,
Gladness and shouting,
Grow best in darkness, wax strongest in
storm.

So will I give to thee,
Daughter, low kneeling,
All My choice treasures hid safe in the
mine;
So every bell shall be
Joyfully pealing,
Tuned to the glory and bliss that is thine.

PEW AND PULPIT.

BY PROF. GEORGE PRENTICE, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: Your recent account of the views expressed by honored laymen of the Social Union, respecting ministers and their work, was noteworthy. It is always a gain when parties who are in pursuit of some common object can be made acquainted with each other's views and feelings. The sobriety and good temper with which those views were urged would, of course, commend them to the godly attention of all. That the demand of our age is for sober, thoughtful, intelligent, and Scriptural preaching, is comfortable to hear. Nothing could be better than to learn that cant is not welcome, while healthy and hearty piety is. It is well to remind ministers that they ought to have a somewhat chivalrous devotion to Christ and His kingdom; and some may be kept in this way from forgetting their duties to the denomination to which they belong.

One would say that it must also be wholesome for ministers to learn that the pulpit still has a deep hold on the respect and affections of the Church. So many voices tell them that they have had their day; that the newspaper, the monthly and quarterly journals are to be the guides of the human soul in the future, that sometimes they may have grown disheartened. Yet it is plain that He who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," supposed He was founding a mission for all ages and for every heart. It is well to hear all this wisdom from men whose piety and interest in the cause of Christ entitle them to affectionate respect. Even the faults of ministers may be set before them in such a spirit as will make them zealous to overcome them. Had I occupied the room of the unlearned on such an occasion, my "Amen" would have been a hearty one. No doubt such an hour must have been profitable both to the ministry and laity. I could have ventured a hearty exhortation after such a lay sermon; and perhaps it would have been well to have closed such a service with prayer. Why should not my exhortation be given in the HERALD?

1. Do the same thing again. One of the most favorable signs of our times is

the extent to which laymen are at work in ecclesiastical matters. Some of the most eminent men in literary and civil life now give much time, thought and effort to purely Christian purposes. Men like Gladstone and Thomas Hughes in England, Dr. John Brown in Scotland, Guizot, Montalembert and Count Falloux in France, are examples of the liberal and enlightened interest now taken in such topics by men who are not ministers. This is one of the noblest results of the Protestant doctrine that all Christians are a holy priesthood. One of the things which enlightened men in the Catholic Church most admire and wonder at in Protestant communions is this constant and intelligent participation of laymen in ecclesiastical matters. So it was at the beginnings of the Christian communion; and so it would have continued to the present hour, had not the clergy gradually gathered up all the work and power of the Church into their own hands. It would be a good thing to have more of such grave and wise deliberations over our denominational affairs among laymen.

2. One good point of such discussions is that they would enable men to see more clearly their own false views and personal defects. Ministers have some wrong notions about themselves and their duties to their flocks, which they must be forced to reconsider under such wise and prudent criticism. One who should refuse this wiser course must have a very great assurance in his own opinions. For the essentials of a Christian minister's duty are put down plainly before all eyes in the lives of successful pastors, in the discipline of our Church, and in the Word of God. How rash were he who would vainly bridle against all these!

3. Ministers would have in this way the best possible way of seeing the dangers which beset them. Men will say things in a general way which they would hardly venture to say to individuals; and such guarded words might save many from serious mistakes.

4. But laymen also have many false notions of ministerial duties. They are always on the lookout for men who can preach like Whitefield, visit like Baxter from house to house, and administer Churches with the skill of a Wesley. Too frequent disappointments occur to leave them wholly unapprised of the vanity of such ideas. There never was an age when such men abounded; and ours will not be the illustrious exception. That the Churches ought to have all the labor they pay for is true; no honorable pastor will be easily content to have the burden of obligation against himself. The minister who remembers whose servant he is, will not be apt to feel consciously in his duties to the brethren of his Lord. In contact with such men, lay brethren would be made to feel that there was a graver personal responsibility confessed than man can bear to men. Still it might also be seen that even this higher responsibility to God might sometimes require work outside of one's own parish. To lecture, hold caucuses, and write for newspapers may become a Christian duty. No doubt wisdom would be required to harmonize such duties. It would also demand wise discrimination to make out where the duty ended and the sinful pleasure began. Laymen would learn these things from each other best. The peril of the lay mind is to think the parish duty always the transcendent one. Here the true question should be, What does God think?

5. Such discussions would show laymen how best to help ministers in their work. In some of my charges it was a comfort to find men who sometimes went themselves to sick beds, before sending word to the minister. I have known men who carried heavy burdens of care, but lightened their own load by such sympathy for others. Let the minister hear from his sick that the prayers and charities of laymen have sweetened the bitterness of their misfortunes, and his work will have its full and free devotion. May there come a special season for provoking each other to love and good works! These must go together; without the good works, the love is not love; and without the love, good works are apples of Sodom.

SPIRITUAL THOUGHTFULNESS.

BY REV. SAMUEL H. VIRGIN.

SECOND PAPER.

It was when the Psalmist was aware of the joys of spiritual meditation that he was troubled at the character of his thoughts so as to hate them. He had found the sweetness of the divine law and cried, "Oh, how I love Thy law! It is my meditation all the day;" and in comparison with its suggestions and helps, other thoughts were hateful. The quickened mind, beginning to apprehend its possible treasure, finds at length that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, for "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's thoughts higher than our thoughts." We cannot by any passivity of mind enter into the divine thoughts, though we may at

length, by faithful effort, know that sweet meditation of which David sings: "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand."

But this spiritual thoughtfulness is not left to us as a matter of choice—it is duty. Words of inspiration hold us to service here. The Word of God is "a discernment of the thoughts and intents of the heart," and we are commanded to "cast down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts."

If the conditions of a sweet, meditative spirit are sought, they are not difficult to find. That which lies so near the foundation of strong Christian character is not concealed.

1. There must be an abandonment of all sinful pursuits. If there are business complications of such a nature that they will not bear the approving scrutiny of God, they destroy all agreeable meditation; while they exist the soul will avoid the thoughtful state as full of vexation and distress. If there is in the home some conscious departure from right, the beam in the wall cries out against any entrance for peaceful meditation. If the pleasures are un-Christian, if secret plans are in progress for the injury of any, if there are whisperings of treachery, secret indulgences of sin in any form, there can be no sweet meditation with God. If there exists no real union of interest between God and man, anything that tends to emphasize the spiritual relations and connections becomes painful and is shunned; and nothing gives such prominence to the soul's relation to God as the "still hour," when no rude shock from man breaks into the deepening consciousness of intimate connection with the unseen. Even the ordinary service of the Church would be too painful were it not for the presence of others, and the successful effort to break the force of the silent musing. How shall a soul in this condition count itself fit to enter into the abiding presence of God?

2. There must be the new birth. The thought of God which the natural heart produces is hostile to Him. He is there the author of evil, a tyrant giving laws that He knows cannot be obeyed; He creates men, knowing they will turn from Him, and then curses them with eternal banishment from His presence; He is a consuming fire, and there is vital antagonism to Him preventive of any refreshing meditation. The new birth changes all this by changing the relation of the soul to God; then the meditation is sweet because the thoughtfulness of God for man appears. It is only as the thought is lovingly directed to the ways of God with men that the infinite condescension of God is disclosed in its most wonderful forms. There is no life that is not thickly studied with the special favors of God, and the hours of thought bring these so strongly to view, that the sweetest experience of life is found in their consideration. The hours of peril, the days of deliverance, the divine mercy in Christ, the circumstances plainly ordered by the Lord under which the soul was brought to the Saviour in penitence and trust, the whole net-work of influences that enclose the life, fill with sweetness the hour of thought and give to it an aroma that pervades the life with its fragrance.

The preciousness and abundance of the divine thoughts become the strength of the saint. It is not in our thoughts of God so much as in the comprehension of His thoughts of us that meditation obtains its value. There is variability in our thoughts—eternal fixedness with God. "Many, O Lord, are Thy thoughts which are to us—ward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." So was the Psalmist overwhelmed a thousand years before the Lord Jesus came with the wealth of divine glory for man. And now in the scattered riches of God's love, in the glorious fullness which each soul may enjoy, in the secret blessings, the spiritual enrichments, the meditative soul finds such means of grace, such actual growth in joy and strength, that the society of the earthly, whose whole converse is of the material and perishable, grows distasteful, and the anticipation of the hours with God in silent thought quickens the activity of the daily life, and often calls forth the fervent prayer with which David closed the sublime 19th Psalm: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer!"

The growth of Christianity is marked by the preserved sanctity of the home. As religion found its first shelter and support in the heart of family life, so it will only accomplish its great object in the world, as it conserves human welfare, in purifying life in the home.—Western Christian Advocate.

LEON GAMBETTA.

[Translated from the Cologne Gazette.]

BY E. B. O.

[Concluded.]

Most writers who have given account of Gambetta's life have belonged to the conservative side and have taken the most unfavorable view of their subject. They have declared to all the world that he was but an idler and a beer-drinker. This is, however, entirely false; he went into the beer-houses, not, indeed, with the object of drinking, but in order to find the kind of audience which seemed indispensable to him in his early practice as a popular speaker. He was all the while remarkably industrious, spending his mornings in earnest study; numerous daily papers were read through before breakfast, and when his restaurant debates were ended, he often read till far into the night. He attended, at the same time, all the sessions of the legislative assembly, and failed not to be present at court whenever an advocate of distinction was to speak. Barbey d'Aureville, by no means a political sympathizer, called him at that time "a little Mirabeau." His private life was sober and respectable; as later years came on, he is said to have eaten many a good dinner and so to have laid the foundation for his present eminence.

Only one thing remains out of his Bohemian life, viz., a certain degree of unconventionality in manner; while his peculiar habit of shaking his head and throwing his hair backwards still clings to him. In his defense of the *Revel*, he stood with his hands in his pantaloons' pockets. If removed for a gesture they were soon in their wonted place again. His friend Laurier was in such concern about this habit that he proposed to procure for him pantaloons without pockets, so as to obtain for the orator's hands a final emancipation. In the *salon*, Gambetta is yet rather ill at ease. His heavy movements are necessarily subject to an unnatural strain, when he sits at a fine tea-table. He prefers to stand, the hands "the position above described; or, if seated, to stretch himself on a lounge. If he falls into discussion, it seems as if he could hardly help shattering some frail piece of furniture with the heavy blow of his fist, which has been already hammering on the table as an accompaniment to his talk. In the *Café Procope*, such forcible gesticulations came, it was said, regularly every three minutes, and Laurier had a great deal of trouble to cure him of this habit; an effort which was crowned, however, by a measure of success.

Gambetta had two guardian angels which until very lately visibly accompanied his steps; the one, out of unselfish affection—an aunt, who followed "her dear Léon" to Paris in 1860, and with motherly care managed his household affairs; the other, who was evidently guided by a degree of self-interest—the above-mentioned friend Laurier. Both died last year. The advocate, Laurier, a gifted man of cynical spirit, early believed in Gambetta's future, helped him to cases, and often with his money supplied the young man's wants in one or another direction, since he believed it to be for his interest to attach the radical politician, whose projects were so rapidly growing, to himself. Laurier provided the means for Gambetta's formal education, and gave him practical advice; he was with him in Tours and in Bordeaux, and the Morgan loan passed through his hands. Every one in Paris assumes, though there is indeed no proof of it, that he there laid the foundation of his great fortune. In 1871, the two friends founded together the *République Française*, of which they were the chief owners, Laurier supplying the deficits. Laurier went finally over to the Orleansists, but remained "personally" Gambetta's friend, and it is by many believed—not without appearance of reason—that this change of colors was adopted by full understanding with Gambetta and planned in the interest of the latter. At all events, the leader of the Left seemed to be always well informed of the intrigues on the part of the Right.

Gambetta is now the "French Deak," and in good circumstances, having a yearly income of more than 100,000 francs. Since the death of Laurier he has no longer a trusted friend; his lieutenants and co-workers, many of them friends of his youth, indulge in no specially friendly confidences toward him, and he would not himself allow any such freedom of speech from another as Laurier was accustomed to use. Gambetta has, for some time past, taken on a somewhat autocratic tone, which has already offended more than one of his followers of the Left. He holds, indeed, a kind of court which develops among his abettors and jealous adherents the personal jealousy common to such a relation. In Grenoble the unrestrained zeal of these hangers-on went so far that Gambetta's

father could scarcely find access to his son's room. It is precisely these things in relation to his own person, as well as the occasionally lordly tone of his organ, the *République Française*, which have made him many enemies among his earlier admirers, as, for example, even in Belleville; and the *Marseillaise* in Paris, with other ultra-radical sheets in the provinces, has begun a war against "the republican pope." The number of papers which take such a part is increasing; but this will not be a disadvantage to Gambetta. His future does not lie in the hands of the ultra-radicals, but in the fact that the *bourgeoisie* can confide in him as the man who alone holds the party of the Left together and can thus protect it against the excesses of intrigue. He is now more than ever the leader whom three hundred deputies follow. He goes prudently, and where it is necessary energetically, about his work; and it is altogether probable that he will secure such a position as that the conservatives themselves shall regard him as the only shield against ultra-radicalism.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

BY MRS. SARAH ASTON BUTLER.

We have just paid a visit to the shrine of the Virgin at Guadalupe. The Catholic Bishop of Puebla being very ill, fifteen hundred pilgrims left that place by special train, Sabbath morning, and came to this shrine to beseech the Virgin for his restoration. The services continued four days, the pilgrims coming and going daily. The distance from our home to Guadalupe is about four miles.

Shortly after we arrived in Mexico, there was a great feast day, when this city seemed quite deserted, many having gone to pay homage at this shrine. Some of the men traveled this distance, there and back, on their hands and knees, the women in many cases running before and spreading their mantles on the ground, that the journey might be made easier for them.

On our arrival we entered the cathedral just at the foot of the mountain. There were but few seats, and those were in the centre of the building; but throughout that vast temple were hundreds of pilgrims in a kneeling posture—mothers with infants in their arms, and all the children, old and young, kneeling about them holding lighted candles. Women, kneeling before the confessional-box, were giving to human ears a recital of their sorrows and sins, with the hope of receiving sympathy and forgiveness. The very sight was grievous to us, as we realized more fully than ever before the inability of sinful man to render such aid as was desired. One of the gorgeously-robed priests ascended the pulpit as the great organ pealed forth its harmonious notes. The text was, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Then, before that great congregation of intent listeners, that priest said, "This passage refers to our Virgin of Guadalupe." They claim that she came to this place in 1540, in bodily form, and consecrated

On the walls were hung crutches, of all sizes, which had been used by the afflicted, who, by praying to the Virgin, as they testified, had been miraculously healed. There were also uncouth, painted pictures, representing persons in danger or sickness, having the Virgin appear who miraculously preserves their lives.

We then ascended the hill at the top of which is the shrine—a large dome. As we entered, we saw kneeling on the marble floor before the shrine, a man and wife, and between them a young girl of some thirteen years, probably their daughter. In her hand she held a book of prayers and chants. Presently she began singing. The man, evidently not knowing the tune well, would join in the last line with his deep, bass voice.

I have never heard a voice that equalled this child's in sweetness and pathos. All stood entranced, and the tears came to our eyes. After listening some time, we quietly and deferentially walked to the side, that we might have a glimpse of their faces. What a contrast! The man wore a dark, savage look, the woman seemed even more forbidding, and between them was a face all lighted up with the inspiration of the moment. She had an olive complexion, with dark, lustrous eyes fixed on the shrine. The whole countenance looked so spiritual that one of our party remarked, "How beautiful! Surely she is preparing for the 'better land.'"

We stepped from the dome. Below us was the rich, green verdure, and the sweet-scented flowers, and by means of the telescope we brought to our side Mt. Popocatepetl with its snow-covered peak glistening in the sunlight, and also the whole city with its turreted buildings and verdant parks. Above was heaven's canopy

of richest blue, and about us played the soft zephyrs known only to a Southern clime; in the rear, from the vaulted dome, came the melodious song. Truly, heaven seemed not far off. Yet there we stood in the midst of depravity, idolatry and rank superstition.

Can you wonder that our hearts ached at the sight of so many worshippers groping in darkness? "The harvest is white, but the laborers are few." We are longing and praying that very soon our hearts may be gladdened by seeing more earnest workers in this part of God's vineyard.

A word about our own work. Our meetings are still being continued with interest. Next week I accompany my husband to a town some twenty miles distant. He goes to lay the cornerstone of a new church which the Indians themselves are building, in a place, too, where a few months ago there was not a single Protestant. Every person who has been attending services in the little room, has contributed towards the enterprise. Even the children have given their *medio*, which is six cents of our money. A number of the men have, for some weeks past, been attending our meetings, and have also come into the city on Saturday afternoons to receive religious instruction from Mr. Butler.

At their last meeting the pastor called upon one of our little Sabbath-school girls to open the service by prayer. All bowed upon their knees, while she offered a simple, earnest petition, closing with the Lord's Prayer, in which every one in the room joined. These men go home and tell their families and friends what the minister said, and one of their number gathers them together and reads and explains to them the Scriptures.

An Indian boy about fifteen years of age, the son of the leader of this little band, has been in our employ for some weeks past. He was so useful and obliging that he won all hearts. But this week his father came to take him home, that he might render some assistance in building the church, and also that he might teach the congregation our hymns and tunes which he has learned since he has been with us. He can start and carry through correctly sixteen already. The poor boy was grieved that he had to leave us, and we were very loth to part with him; our prayers follow him, that he may be the means of accomplishing much good in the sphere so providentially marked out for him. What a contrast between these two little singers! The girl, as soon as the prayers and singing were ended, returned home to mingle, probably as before, with the depraved and sinful. The boy, we sincerely trust, is not only to be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, but also to labor for the enlightenment of benighted souls. Oh! that the dear children living in the States, in such loving and comfortable homes, may be brought up from early childhood, not only to have the form of godliness, but to have its precepts and consolations as an abiding joy in the heart, and to fill useful positions both in the Church and world.

Mexico City, Feb. 28, 1879.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

MR. EDITOR: On Monday last, St. Patrick's Day, our Irish citizens turned out in full force to do honor to this patron saint. All the Catholic societies took part in the procession, their gay uniforms and beautiful banners, as they moved along in the middle of the streets, forming a great contrast to the appearance of the mixed multitudes of ragged boys, idle men, curious women and little children who thronged the sidewalks. The President stood on the portico of the White House and reviewed the procession as it passed. Notwithstanding the rain, houses were decorated with flags and banners, and the whole city seemed full of stir, life and joyous animation.

The fact that 133 new members would take their seats, caused the meeting of the 46th Congress, on the 18th inst., to be attended with more than the usual bustle and excitement. The interest centered principally in the House, though the galleries of both the Senate and House of Representatives were literally packed, and hundreds left for want of standing room.

At 12 o'clock precisely Clerk Adams called the House to order, the members for the time occupying temporary seats. The regular roll-call revealed the fact that of the 287 members comprising the House, but two—O'Reilly and James of New York—were absent; and Mr. O'Reilly came in in time to vote for Mr. Randall for speaker, and thus give the necessary majority to secure Mr. Randall in the speaker's chair. The members, collectively and individually, present a fine appearance; and so many, coming freshly from the people, let us hope, will work good results for the people.

Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, being the oldest member in continuous service, administered the oath to Speaker Randall, who at once proceeded to swear

in the new members. The members from the Northern States took the iron-clad oath. When the delegations from Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, were reached, they all came up in one group, and the Speaker requested those who would not take the iron-clad to fall back. Gen. Joe Johnson very promptly moved out of the line, and others followed, so that there were only five left who could take the metallic oath. The others took the modified obligations of office under our Federal government. Seats were chosen by ballot, no one having the privilege of selecting as formerly.

A suit for breach of promise to marry (damages laid at \$50,000) is now being tried in our city court. Mrs. Mary Oliver is plaintiff, and Hon. Simon Cameron, ex-Senator from Pennsylvania, is the defendant. Mrs. Oliver was much surprised and disquieted, and considerable excitement was caused in court yesterday, by the introduction of Mr. Oliver, the living and undivorced husband of the plaintiff.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who has practiced for several years in our city court, after repeated efforts to be admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, has at last succeeded. She is a woman of brains and ability, and has a good, pure and noble heart.

Retrenchment seems to be the order of the day, and we are told that both our city and national expenses are to be greatly reduced under our new régime. Our different lines of street cars have all agreed to take each other's tickets; so that if we buy a dollar's worth of tickets for one line, they will be good on any of the lines. The fare is only four cents and a fraction; for this amount we ride several miles.

Our Conference at its last session obliterated the color line, so that now the colored people are at liberty to join any Church of our denomination, white as well as black.

Dr. Naylor was returned to the Metropolitan Church. This Church is in debt, and the members are not able to pay for it. It is a memorial Church, and every Methodist who really loves Methodism should feel an interest in the Church, and be willing to cast in a mite to aid in removing this great burden. The Church is now being ranked with the great unfinished Washington monument, as a *failure*. Methodism has done already too much good to now have its Metropolitan Memorial Church become a by-word.

From our Exchanges.

Can we fear lest the substance of the celestial bodies will be less adapted to the souls which they are to clothe? Is it not a fair and just inference that each body will be nicely fitted to its soul, as if organized and crystallized under the controlling influence from within? What better suggestion can be made which shall give us the full benefit of the discipline, education, ties and sympathies of this life? We shall be known as we are. Soul will recognize soul through its external covering with unerring certainty. The stature of each body will correspond to the magnitude of the soul. The intellectual supremacy and consummate beauty of a Shakespeare will be more apparent in his celestial body than in his ideal stature. The countenance of the great Law-giver of Judea will shine as when he descended from Mount Sinai. No crown will be needed to designate legitimate royalty, nor any celestial aureole encircling their heads to mark the loving and majestic presence of the apostles and the true saints. We may justly apprehend that the deformity of our future body will conform to our spiritual errors in the present life. Would not such be the natural and legitimate punishment of sin? But, surrounded by love and sympathy, who would not speedily repent and hasten to be restored to his intended excellence, and fill heaven with joy at his recovery? We then might recognize how suffering and sin were short-lived violations of material and spiritual law, essential to free agency; how they were the evidence of unlimited potentiality, and how they were amply compensated by the freedom and pardon with which they were associated.—Extract from Prof. FURBER's lecture at Lowell Institute.

Lukewarmness begins precisely where one's spiritual aspirations yield to the touch of torpor. Absorption in study, business or domestic cares; carelessness in devotion and in Scripture reading; self-indulgence in acts not intrinsically wicked, but which tend to dampen spiritual ardor; physical lassitude unresisted by will-force; or disturbance of faith by strong temptations, may be the source of the first chill given to one's spiritual fervor. Whatever the cause, it is important to note that the point of danger is just where one's breathing after conscious communion with God is remitted. And he who is fixed in purpose not to sink into lukewarmness must fight the battle at that critical point. To yield there, is to risk the loss of all.—Northern Christian Advocate.

Whatever the condition in which the children of God may be in the world, they have the assurance that His providence is a particular providence, and that He is never forgetful of them and their needs. If He clothes the lily of the valley with its beauty, and feeds the ravens when they cry, surely, at every step He will be with those who put their trust in Him.—National Baptist.

BY REV. W. McDONALD.

gances any foundations in any doctrine which I teach." (Tyreman, vol. i, p. 463.) To define his doctrine, and prove that he never changed his views on the subject, he says: "In one view it is purity of intention; dedicating all the life to God. It is the giving God all the heart; it is one desire and design ruling all our tempers. It is the devoting, not a part but all our soul, body and substance to God. In another view, it is all the mind which was in Christ, enabling us to walk as Christ walked. It is the circumcision of the heart from all filthiness, all inward as well as outward pollution. It is the renewal of the heart in the whole image of God; the full likeness of Him who created it. In yet another, it is loving God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. Now take it in which of these views you please (for there is no material difference), and this is the whole and soul of perfection, as a train of writings prove, to a demonstration, which I have believed and taught for these forty years, from the year 1726 to the year 1765." (Vol. vi, p. 530.)

ku, disgorges its rapid stream. Near by, the fields on the lake shore, a few years ago cultivated and bearing rich harvests, lie now deep under the rising waters. When one journeys by several other bays, capes, crystal rivers and lofty mountains, he at length sounds the southern end of Lake Tanganika, whose three tongues point, one nearly east and the other two directly south; yet here at the extreme south end of the lake there is no sign of an outlet of its waters. So say Cameron, Livingstone, and our own Stanley. Then there is no vent here. The countries, Fipa, famous for cotton, Urungu, with the castle rocks of Mtombwa peering to the eastwards, and now on the southwest side,

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When Ulysses was present in the midst of Maron's household, the cup-bearer regaled him with a draught of this excellent wine, and when the hero expressed his delight therewith, Maron, out of gratitude for Ulysses' sparing his life and that of his household, brought forth as a present from his store-room twelve jars of this very wine. As Ulysses accepted this, he thought to himself, "Now it may be that I shall some time, in a defenseless moment, be at the mercy of some savage of gigantic size and strength and devoid of all feeling of humanity or

Mention was made in a former communication of a series of resolutions brought before the Conference, looking to the publication of a religious weekly in this city under its sanction and in the interests of the M. E. Church. The committee having the matter in charge was appointed by the Conference of 1878, and from the temper of the preachers at that time, and from expressions of approval of the enterprise by the Baltimore Convention, it was anticipated that opposition so strong and persistent as actually met, was hardly anticipated. The strong men of the Church were arrayed on either side. Dr. J. McKendree Riley, of Eutaw street, Rev. D. H. Carroll, Book Agent, Rev. James H. Brown, Rev. C. H. Richardson, and others, made strong speeches in favor; and Dr. J. Lanahan, of the Foundry Church, Washington, D. C., Rev. T. M. West, Rev. Job A. Price, and

THE PROGRESSIVE GLEE AND CHORUS BOOKS, now in High Schools, Advanced Single-class, and by G. B. Loomis. This volume follows "The Progressive Music Lesson Series," by the same author. Forty pages are devoted to the "Elements of Music," to a treatise upon harmony, and to biographical sketches of great musicians. The selections are made from the highest musical sources, and the volume seems to be well fitted for its intended use.

Harper & Brothers issue, in their Half Hour Series, *THE AWAKENING: A Tale of English Life*, by Katharine S. Macquoid; *AFGHANISTAN*, by A. G. Constable—each 15 cents; and *THE POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH*—20 cents. In their Franklin Square Library they publish, *A TRUE MARRIAGE*, by Emily Spender; *THE LAST OF HER LINE*, by the author of "Eglantine"; and *KELVERDALE*, by the Earl of Desart.

Michel; Cupid and the Boils, by Edgar H. Sherwood. Vocal—Beware, words by Henry W. Longfellow, music by Howard M. Dow; When the Summer Comes Again, words by Sam'l N. Mitchell, music by H. P. Dunki; Sweet Memories of These, words by H. P. Dunki, music by T. P. Ryder. Also the following *Musical Record*, containing the following music: Sweetly the Robins are Calling, song and chorus, Mrs. Spirit Poets, By the Blue Sea, and A Wish for the Mountaineers.

From the same publishers: Instrumental—Minuet (Gavotte), from Le Petit Duc, by Chas. Lecocq, arr. by H. S. Krouse; Le Chant de l'Espérance, by Joseph Michel; The Gipsies' Revel, by Wilhelm Kugel; Choral with variations (Nuremberg), by Dr. Henry Stephen Cutler. Vocal—Only a Little While, Daring, by Mel R. Colquitt. The *Musical Record*, containing When He is Here, and May Delights.

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Young men of the Church were arrayed on their side. Dr. J. McKendree Rice, of West street, Rev. D. H. Carroll, of Baltimore, Rev. James H. Brown, Rev. C. C. Harrison, and others, made strong speeches in favor; and Dr. J. Lannahan of the Foundry Church, Washington, Dr. W. T. M. West, Rev. Job A. Price,

The Sunday School.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON I.

April 6. Job 33: 14-30.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

I. Preliminary.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

1. *Authorship and Age.*—Jobian certain is known of either. Some of the later German authorities—Gesenius, Unbreit, and De Wette—locate the writer in the period of the Chaldean exile. Evidences that the book was composed in the great prophetic era, and that its author was a contemporary of Jeremiah. Dean Stanley (following Schlottmann, apparently, whose commentary was published in 1851) assigns the date of authorship to the days of Solomon, or the age succeeding, and discovers a likeness "almost verbal" between the Proverbs of Agur and the definition of wisdom given in Job. The majority of commentators agree in ascribing the authorship of the book to Moses (at the time when he was in the land of Midian), and the pure Hebrew of the text, together with the absence of any allusion to the Mosaic law, or to the events of the Exodus, strongly support this view.

2. *Aim.*—to solve the problem of Divine providence in the world; to "justify the ways of God to man;" to settle the question whether suffering is an *invariable* mark of punishment or not; to explain why the righteous are allowed to suffer; to refute the diabolic charge that godliness is only apparent—the mask of a refined selfishness. The style of the book is highly dramatic, and yet not inconsistent with the truthfulness and reality of the scenes and events recorded. The "historic sense" is preserved through out.

3. *Argument.*—Job was a wealthy Arabian chieftain living in the land of Uz—the Arabia Deserta, probably, of classical geography. He was rich in camel, sheep and cattle, and his family were likewise prosperous. His character was exceptional; blameless and benevolent; there was "none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil." Satan, however, accused him of hollowness, of being good because he was paid for it in prosperity, and challenged God to test his sincerity by trial. The challenge was accepted, and Job's accuser was allowed to put to the diabolic charge that godliness is only apparent—the mask of a refined selfishness. The style of the book is highly dramatic, and yet not inconsistent with the truthfulness and reality of the scenes and events recorded. The "historic sense" is preserved through out.

A harder trial than begins. Job's three chosen friends, venerable in years and in wisdom, come to console with him. The spectacle which met their eyes when they saw their afflicted friend was so dreadful, that they sat by his side in the profoundest grief seven days and seven nights without uttering a word. Then Job breaks the silence, and in an outburst of anguish curses the day of his birth. The first series of discourses follow (chaps. 3-14) in which the doctrine so firmly held hitherto of retributive justice as the only explanation of suffering was clearly brought out. It was believed that God balanced the sins of this life by exact and inexorable punishments. Affliction, therefore, was penal, and adversity proved sin. Job had sinned, his friends declared, and they urged him to confess and amend his life. In reply to these charges Job asserted his perfect integrity. God's ways perplex him, but he is sure that God is just. He resorts, therefore, to prayer. In the second (chaps. 15-21) and third series (chaps. 22-31) of discourses his friends are more earnest in their convictions of his secret guilt and obduracy, and warn him of greater calamities unless he repents. Job still maintains his innocence, appeals to a future life for his vindication, admits the ultimate destruction of the hypocrite, gives a glowing description of wisdom, and contrasts his present misery with his former happy life. At this point the discussion rests, and a new speaker comes upon the scene, a part of whose argument is contained in our lesson.

Of unknown date, and unknown authorship, the language impregnated with strange idioms and strange allusions, on Jewish in their form, and in fierce hostility with Judaism. The book of Job is the oldest of the Hebrew literature, in it but not of it, compelling the acknowledgment of itself by its own internal majesty, yet exerting no influence over the minds of the people, never alluded to, and scarcely ever quoted, till at last the light which had heralded rose up full over the world in Christianity (Froude).

II. Paraphrase.

Orthodoxy, personified by the three friends, had uttered its *credo*, and applied its harsh judgment. Job, doubly afflicted by unjust accusations, had made his defense and protested his innocence. Plaintiff and defendant here rested their case. There was nothing further for either to say. The silence was broken by a third party, a man younger than either, whose appearance on the scene is so unexpected, and whose ideas are so far in advance of the prevailing belief that many suppose that these chapters (32-37) are the interpolation of a later hand. But to this it may be replied that he is called by name—"Elihu, the son of Baruch, the Buzite;" and he is further specified as of "the kindred of Ram," a collateral branch of the family of Abraham; and the same Gentile modes of thought and illustration appear in his argument as in those of the preceding speakers. He, too, had a Theodice, and his wrath was kindled against Job, "because he justified himself rather than God; and against his three friends because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job" (chap. 32: 2-3). He proceeds to arraign both parties—Job, because he, in his desperation, let fall some expressions which seemed to call the Divine justice in question; the three friends, because their arguments had been based on too narrow premises, and because they had neither convicted Job nor vindicated the justice of God. In our lesson to-day he is addressing Job, and his argument is that affliction is not necessarily a mark of retribution; that it is rather a voice of God—a method by which He speaks to man, when other methods fail. Once, twice, repeatedly, He speaks, and in the din of earthly noises His call is not

heard; man perceiveth it not." Then, in the hush of night He speaks, as He spoke to Samuel, and His words reverberate in the ears of men, to "seal their instruction." If heeded, to change their purpose, and humble their pride, and thereby save them from destruction. But if the solemn Voice is ignored, there is another and a sharper call. The discipline of pain is resorted to, and God speaks through the aching bones, and consuming flesh, and inward fever, and the shadow of death. In the perplexity, and fear, and anguish of threatened dissolution, it is difficult to comprehend God's meaning and purpose, but it is His voice still; and if His "messenger" and message be recognized, and His "interpreter" be listened to, and His "uprightness" be acknowledged by the sufferer, then God is merciful to him, and delivers him from the yawning pit, and finds an atonement for him. Disease recedes. Fresher than a child's becomes his flesh, and the vigor of his youth returns. His chastened spirit delights in prayer and rejoices in the favor of God. And he does not hide in his heart the story of his deliverance, but confesses his sin to men and proclaims the wonders of his salvation. This, says Elihu, is the meaning of affliction, not punishment, but discipline, to bring a man to heed the warning voice of God. These are the things which God "worketh oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit."

III. Exposition.

Verse 1. *God speaketh once, yea, twice—over and over again.* "at sundry times, and in divers manners;" at one time by His Word, at another by His Spirit, at another by His works, either in creation, or in providence. "Day unto day uttereth speech." "God is a declaratory God, speaking in ten thousand voices, and the whole year is one Epiphany, one day of manifestation."

"Every bird that staves, And every flower that starts the classic odors, And every breeze that stirs the classic odors, To the pure spirit is a Word of God."

Man perceiveth it not.—Either the ear is preoccupied by other sounds, or else it is dulled by sin, or slothfulness, or closed as a punishment. "Having eyes they see not; having ears they hear not."

Verse 2. *In a dream, etc.*—Among the sciences, which had no written revelation, this appeared to be one of God's opportunities, or methods, for communicating His will to individuals; and even now, the quiet repose of night are felt to be fitting for meditation, and for listening to that "inner voice" which is so easily drowned by the clamors of business and pleasure.

Verse 16. *Openeth the ears.*—the inward ear, of course, or, as the Septuagint renders it: "Then He openeth the mind of men." He speaks loud enough to be heard from the prejudices, and unbelief, and ignorance with which men stop their ears. *Sleeth their instruction.*—expressing, metaphorically, the idea that His admonitions are to individuals; and even now, the quiet repose of night are felt to be fitting for meditation, and for listening to that "inner voice" which is so easily drowned by the clamors of business and pleasure.

Verse 17. Here we have the purpose of God's speaking. *That He may withdraw, etc.*—hold the man back from an evil design, induce a change of purpose. *Hide pride from man.*—filing a covering over it, so that it may no longer be seen, and its influence no longer be felt, in a man's acts and plans.

Verse 18. If God's voice is heeded, the man is saved. *Keeth back his soul, etc.*—save the man from rushing on to his own destruction; and even now, the quiet repose of night are felt to be fitting for meditation, and for listening to that "inner voice" which is so easily drowned by the clamors of business and pleasure.

Verse 19. *God has another way of speaking to men—through bodily pain.* Affliction, then, is not punishment always, meted out in exact retribution for sin, but a disciplinary and merciful method of making the heart, and of teaching them lessons which they would not listen to and learn in any other way. *Multitude of his bones.*—Covies says: "The bones are often represented in the Scriptures as the seat of acute pain. Another translation, instead of 'multitude of bones,' is 'chastened with a strife of his bones continually,' as if they were in a mauling, an uprising, an utter unrest."

Verse 20. *Dauntment*—literally, "a meat of desire." The idea is that the pain is too poignant for any appetite to exist.

Verse 21. A vivid picture of the wasting away caused by inward fever; the gradual reduction of the body till the bony skeleton becomes visible.

Verse 22. *Soul—life.* The destroyers.—Taylor thus comments: "The angels who tear forth the souls of men with violence," as distinguished from "those who take them away with gentleness." There is a terrible idea, namely, of some outward, invisible violence, at the death of the wicked (See 2 Sam. 24: 16, 17; Ps. 78: 49).

Verse 23. In this threatening extremity, in case the sufferer is willing to receive penitently lessons of "prightness," God has a "messenger," or "angel," as the word is commonly translated, who speaks for Him, who "interprets" the divine dealings; not a common angel, but a chief one—"one among a thousand." Some suppose that the "Messenger of the Covenant," or the "Angel of the Presence," is here referred to. The Jewish idea of a mediator was not like ours precisely, but that of an interpreter of the divine will. The ideas then held in a vague, imperfect, shadowy sense, shine out clearly in the bright radiance of the Gospel revelation.

Verse 24. *He is gracious—i. e., God.* Deliver him—a temporal deliverance evidently, but a spiritual deliverance may be included. The supposition is that of disciplinary chastisement carried to the verge of dissolution. The body is spared because of spiritual repentance, and, of course, shares in the salvation. *Have found.*—The "ransom" of the Old Testament, the Mediator of the New, are alike provided by God. *Ransom*—covering, canceling, blotting out. Says Cowley: "So early the grand idea of a ransom for sinners, a ground of possible pardon for the convicted Job nor vindicated the justice of God. In our lesson to-day he is addressing Job, and his argument is that affliction is not necessarily a mark of retribution; that it is rather a voice of God—a method by which He speaks to man, when other methods fail. Once, twice, repeatedly, He speaks, and in the din of earthly noises His call is not

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experiences. *Shall see His face*—an anticipation of the blessing of the pure in heart. They shall see God. *Reader unto man, etc.*—Cook interprets thus: "God will again regard and treat him as a righteous man."

Verse 27, 28. These verses, by a more careful translation than the version gives them, exhibit the public testimony of the restored man, to the greatness and goodness of his deliverance. A free translation would be as follows: "He (the restored man) doth look upon men, and say, 'I sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it was not requited to me. He (God) has redeemed my soul from the pit, and my life seeth the light.' The word 'looketh' may be rendered 'sing,' and in this view the words would be a song of thanksgiving."

Verse 29. *All these things*—all these voices, or experiences—warnings, afflictions, His messenger.

Verse 30. *Bring back his soul.*—God "hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

IV. Gleanings.

1. In the rough, rude ages in which Job lived, when men did not dwell on their feelings as in later centuries, the heart-work of religion was, manifestly, the same earnest, passionate thing that it is now. The spirit's misgivings were the same beneath the tent of an Arabian Emir which they are beneath the roof of a modern Christian. Blow after blow fell upon the Oriental chieftain. One day he was a father, a prince, the lord of many vassals and many flocks, and buoyant in one of the best of blessings, health; the next he was a childless, blighted, ruined man. And then it was that there came from Job's lips those yearnings for the quiet of the grave, which are so touching, so real—we might almost say, so pardonable: "I should have been at rest—when the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

What is the Book of Job but a record of an earnest soul's perplexities? The double difficulty of life is solved there—the existence of moral evil; the question whether suffering is a mark of wrath or not. What falls from Job's lips is the musings of a man half-stunned, half-urged, looking out upon the darkness of life, and asking, sorrowfully, Why are these things so? And all that falls from his friends' lips are the common-place remarks of men upon what is inscrutable; maxims learned second-hand by rote, and not by heart; fragments of deep truths, but truths misapplied, distorted, torn out of all connection of time and place, so as to become actual falsehoods, only blustering a raw wound. It was from these awkward admonitions that Job appealed. He appealed from the dark dealings of a God whose way it is to hide Himself, to a God who shall stand "at the latter day upon the earth" (Robertson).

2. The hero of this poem is of a strange land and parentage—a Gentile certainly, not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all places and varieties. Egypt, with its river and its pyramids; there; the description of mining points to the Phoenicia; the settled life in cities; the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan, speaking of foreign things and foreign people. No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem, of Jewish traditions and Jewish certainties. We look to find the three friends vindicate themselves, as they so well might have done, by appeals to the fertile annals of Israel, to the Flood, to the cities of the plain, to the plagues of Egypt, or the thunders of Sinai. But of all these there is not a word. They are passed by as though they had no existence; and instead of them, when witnesses are required for the power of God, we have strange un-Hebrew stories of the eastern astronomical mythology, the old wars of the giants, the imprisoned Orion, the wounded dragon, "the sweet influences of the seven stars," and the glittering fragments of the sea-serpent Rahab trailing across the northern sky. Again God is not the God of Israel, but the Father of mankind. We hear nothing of a chosen people, nothing of a special revelation, nothing of peculiar privileges.

And in the court of heaven there is a Satan—not the prince of this world and the enemy of God, but the angel of judgment, the evil genius, the tempter, who was to walk to and fro over the earth, and carry up to heaven an account of the sins of mankind. We cannot believe that thoughts of this kind arose out of Jerusalem the days of Josiah. In this book the scenes, names, incidents are all contrived as if to baffie curiosity—as if, in the very form of the poem, to teach that it is no story of a single thing which happened once, but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it. (Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects, vol. I, pp. 239, 240.)

Y. Questions.

1. What various opinions are held as to the authorship and age of the Book of Job?

2. What is the aim of the Book?

3. Tell the story or argument.

4. Who was Elihu, and what view did he take of affliction?

5. By what various voices does God speak to man?

6. Why is not His voice heard?

7. For what purposes is God said to speak?

8. Explain the words "pit," "sword," "bones."

9. What is the meaning of the term "destroyers?"

10. What various meanings are given to the word "messenger?"

11. Explain the word "ransom."

12. Describe the successive steps in the penitent's restoration.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1879.

The wonder is not that there are some restless men in the itinerancy, who are constantly pining for some more favorable opportunities, and looking hopefully toward the sister denominations; the great wonder is, that so many ministers and Churches can be annually provided for with so little friction, upon the whole. The Churches are as liable to be restive as the preachers. But with all this, over two hundred and fifty ministers and as many churches have been supplied, the one with pulpits and the other with pastors, in the next three weeks, in the State of Massachusetts; and before the first of May there will not be a ripple upon the surface to show that such a remarkable work has been accomplished. The itinerancy is the only system that can achieve this. The voluntary plan is well enough for first-class Churches and first-class clergymen; but how are all these small charges and average men to be cared for? And when a man finds a growing minority in his Church, what can he do? Where will he go? There are literally scores of Churches in this vicinity who have not the power to secure for themselves an appropriate field, and as many Churches that are slowly dying upon the husks of a weekly supply. We have no doubt that some of our young men, before whom as favorable opportunities as they think they deserve do not readily open, become restive; but where will rest be found this side of Paradise? Only in a heart that devoutly and lovingly reposes upon the arm and promise of God will this rest be developed. "Perfect love casteth out all fear."

In the long run it is safer for a minister to throw himself upon the generosity and justice of his people in reference to his salary, and make himself invaluable to them by his pulpit services and his pastoral efforts, than to keep up a steady fight with them because they fail to meet his expectations on the money question. A small Church with a high debt asked, a few years since, for a single man who would be satisfied with \$800; but in the exigencies of the stationing cabinet, a man with a considerable family was sent to them. The brethren were not a little appalled. "What will you require besides the parsonage for your living?" was the anxious inquiry of a steward of the new minister. "I should be glad to have \$1,200," said the modest preacher, "as I have a son just about to enter college; but if there is any difficulty in raising it, I can live on a thousand; and if you cannot raise but \$800, I shall live on that, and be just as happy." There was no difficulty in raising the largest sum; and the brethren only wished they could secure more for him, as his unselfish readiness to sympathize with them in their burdens entirely won their hearts. There are exceptions. Some official boards, like corporations, are without souls; but these are few, and they soon, by a divine law of "survival of the fittest," perish.

There is a wonderful difference between ability and availability. Many a minister, without conscious self-conceit, is conscious of his ability—natural and cultivated. He knows he can both write and preach better than certain other ministers who are unaccountably popular. He is a gentleman in his manners, and is thus recognized by men of all denominations in the vicinity of his public labors. But strangely enough, his services are not eagerly sought after by the Churches. Inferior men, of certain sensational and magnetic abilities, are preferred before him. He cannot condescend to the modes that seem to secure the popularity and success of these men. He does not believe in cant, in effusive exercises and demonstrative performances. He sees sadly enough his congregations diminishing rather than growing, the Churches somewhat discouraged where he labors, and he becomes himself thoroughly disgusted with this condition of things. He is inclined to believe that somebody is intentionally injuring him; that he has not a fair chance; that the stationing power of the Church voluntarily keeps him from the positions he ought to fill; and that undoubtedly some other religious body would better appreciate his talents. It is entirely probable that they would. We have known changes, under these circumstances, to be happy all round, and a preacher that found himself out of his orbit in one denomination, to revolve in peaceful harmony upon the plane of another organization. But still, in

every Church, there will be seen this broad distinction between ability and availability. The former will often times fall to impress the masses, while the latter sweeps everything before it. Happy is he who is both able and available; but God has a place for every one; and the great secret of life is to find it and be satisfied with it.

What multitudes are seeking to lay their heads upon a soft pillow! But what sad failures make up the history of humanity in this respect. Instead of reclining their weary and aching heads upon soft pillows, they find them hard and pierced with many a thorn. Soft pillows do not consist so much in the material of which they are composed as in the condition of the head and heart laid thereupon. They may be made of the finest down, and yet be as hard and cold as adamant. Fidelity to God and His truth, maintained during a day of contact with life's trials, and the joyous consciousness thereof carried to the couch, will put a soft pillow under the head. Not simply does he rest on the pillow of the couch, but rather on the bosom of his Master he falls asleep, while holy angels keep their blessed vigils around his bed. It is said that Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest. "I will go to them, and reprove their wickedness," said he. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof were apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said, and soon fell asleep. Here is the philosophy of quiet slumbers, the Bible and a good conscience gives a soft pillow.

Approving things that are excellent! This is one of the blessed and fruitful exercises of the Christian life to which we are called in apostolic language. Thus Paul prays in behalf of the Philippians: "That ye may approve things that are excellent." One commentator renders it: "That ye may put to proof things that differ." There are constantly coming up before the Christian mind things of this diverse character; hence there is a call for holy discrimination, for decisions bearing the signature of heavenly wisdom. Happy those who possess this power of nice discrimination, being able to "separate the precious from the vile," making choice of that which is intrinsically excellent! Success in this important department depends upon the maintenance of the soul's connection with Christ who is emphatically the "wisdom of God." Herein is our safety, life, and salvation. This opens to us its boundless treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Drawing thereupon we may be thoroughly furnished, so as to cut our way through all perplexities, and render decisions which are wholly beyond the reach of earthly philosophy.

"Rejoice evermore!" What a blessed word-phrase this is! And who that fully appreciates the wonderful love of Jesus can help being joyous? Ah! if Christians followed their Lord fully, their hearts would always beat time to the music of heaven. If they lived "looking" into the radiant face of Jesus, their tongues would be constantly singing of His love. Saintly George Herbert gave quaint expression to the joyous motions of the renewed heart when he sang these lines:—

LESSONS OF THE "LYNN MYSTERY."

It is both disagreeable and painful to allude to this subject which, now for two or three weeks, has been a theme of daily discussion in the public prints. It is a very ungrateful matter to have it thus intrude upon the peace and propriety of our chaste Christian families. It cannot be properly treated without using very plain and unpleasant language. Some portions of the community actually blamed the authorities of Lynn for giving a decent public burial to the disfigured remains of the unhappy woman, and questioned the wisdom of the discreet, impressive and admirable remarks made by the clergyman who assisted at the funeral rites.

But this subject, ungrateful as it is, is not one to be overlooked. It presses upon us at this time at too many sensitive points. No class or condition in life is safe from being brought into personal sympathy with it, and into exquisite suffering on its account. Since the discovery of the mangled body of this young woman, crowded into its narrow and extemporary coffin, more than a score of families from whose circle young women have lately disappeared have visited Lynn to identify, if possible, a lost child. When a somewhat similar case occurred in a New Hampshire city, twenty mothers came to look upon the corpse of the dead girl to see if they could recognize in her features the absent face that had been mysteriously lost out of their home circle. During a score of years of connection with reformatory institutions, we became familiar with the most heart-rending instances of family sorrow, and the blight of the fondest hopes in homes that seemed far beyond the reach of temptations bringing such terrible consequences upon those that fall into them.

It certainly requires wisdom to treat, in the pulpit, before a miscellaneous audience, the sin of a breach of the seventh commandment, and the natural and divine retributions that follow it; and it is even more difficult and del-

icate to point out the wiles of the seducer, and the occasions of the loss of purity and virtue on the part of our young people. We are not disposed to look with much favor upon the dramatic presentations of the organized forces of evil in our cities, and the scenic portrayals of the scenes where vice reigns in gilded halls, or revels in vile and forbidding earthly hells. We question whether such representations from the pulpit are often attended with any wholesome results. Revelations are made that the great majority of the young hearers would never otherwise know anything about, and a prurient curiosity is sometimes awakened. It is not in this direction that our children are chiefly exposed. Not one in a hundred of them will be likely, without some intervening incidents, much nearer to us and controllable by us, to be seriously drawn towards such public scenes of vice.

It is against the influence of immorality long before it takes on a public character, against the devilish devices of impure persons, still moving in respectable society, against the gradually demoralizing effect of vile companionship and seductive reading, that we have occasion, chief of all, to fortify our children, and particularly our girls. The pulpit will best accomplish its object by constantly emphasizing the importance of home instruction, home watch-care, and the awakening of the strongest forms of home affection. It is a matter of extreme delicacy for mothers faithfully to do their duty in counseling their children upon this point; but it is a thousand times lighter cross to bear than to be suddenly brought under the irrefragable sorrow following the ruin of a beloved child.

The great indulgence of later years in reference to evening recreations on the part of young people has added greatly to these temptations. The simple excitement of constant, feverish scenes of pleasure is unwholesome. The softening and healing influence of a quiet and attractive home is necessary to counteract the evil forces to which young people are subjected during the day from their young companions and the atmosphere of the streets. When this is lacking, the restraining power of home is about lost and the child is helplessly exposed to the adverse currents around him. One of the greatest moral losses of the present generation is that of the enforced home discipline of the evening of other days, and the constant exposure to the untoward influences of general society. Estimable parents are now often suddenly shocked out of their composure and peace of mind by some unexpected exhibition of vice on the part of a child. They have esteemed themselves to be, probably with good reason, exemplary and virtuous heads of families. They cannot understand how it was possible for their child to fall under such temptation. Certainly the boy or girl has been taught better at home. Ah! the trouble is they have not been taught at home; and they have even been away in other circles nearly every evening, and their companions have been of a very different moral character from their parents.

One of the saddest facts of the day is this, that nearly all our most popular works of fiction are novels of society—of a peculiarly unwholesome form of society. Breaches of the law of purity form the staple of the dramatic incidents pictured in them. This sin is constantly condoned by the society of which they are members. Nearly all the works of George Eliot are of this description. Men are not excluded from respectable circles on account of their well-known laxity in this direction, and the heroines of popular stories do not hesitate to overlook such sins in their ready acceptance of offers of marriage. The chief female character in the last novel of Mrs. Lewes marries the man—the forsaken mother of whose children she has just before met and conversed with—without the slightest intimation on his part of sorrow or chagrin for his course. Now it is folly to suppose that such literature as this (and this work, in many respects, is much less objectionable than other popular novels) can be read by our girls without moral injury. Sin loses its crimson color in such a thick atmosphere as this. The base and corrupt deceiver becomes the brilliant and accomplished man of the world. Vice is made to give a sort of piety to life, and passion soon becomes so enfolded that the enfeebled moral sense offers but a slight obstacle to its impetuous demands.

It is an hour when all Christian instruction and discipline must be positive and persistent. The heroic and repressive nature of Puritan days is infinitely to be preferred to all this modern license and indulgence. The wages of sin is death. He that soweth in the flesh will reap corruption. Let us not be deceived; whatsoever a man soweth, or permits to be sown in his own heart, or in the souls of children, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

The legislature of Illinois in 1855 so amended the charter of the Northwestern University as to relieve all its property—rich real estate in Evanston and Chicago—from taxation. In 1873, however, the State taxed the property for school purposes, and the State courts sustained the act on the ground that the legislature had no right to grant such immunity as it had done in 1855. An appeal has been had to the United States Supreme Court, which has already been argued, and the decision is awaited with much anxiety. It is not only a question of vital interest to the Northwestern University, but to hundreds of academic institutions and Churches throughout the State.

THE OUTLOOK IN INDIA.

India has been spoken of by some one as, *par excellence*, "the land of Famine, Finance, and Fever." To this alliterative description we have no desire to take exception. Personally, we are most familiar with the last of the three mentioned, having had sundry memorable experiences in that direction. In regard to famine, we have suffered naught therefrom; our bread and water never failed during the late trying period. As for finance, we can thankfully say that we are solvent—more than many can say in these days. Members of the South India Conference are, happily, little troubled as to how they may profitably invest or dispose of their surplus funds, and this is something to be grateful for. Our experience is that happy hearts and empty pockets are by no means incompatible. An additional item of experience may be added: Indian Methodists are second to none in love and thoughtful kindness to those who labor among them in the Lord.

Zion's watchmen have been anxiously watching the course of the late terrible famine, and eagerly looking for results, which, it was expected, would probably follow. There is reason to believe that great good has already resulted, and will yet result to the cause of Christ from the appalling calamity. Indications are abundantly manifest in some districts that the people have been profoundly impressed and affected by the sympathy so generously shown by Christian England in their hour of dire need. The impression has been deepened by the untiring efforts of missionaries of the various societies to alleviate the distress and save the unfortunate people from death. The missionaries being, to a large extent, the almoners of England's magnificent bounty, abundant opportunity was furnished for impressing on the minds of the relieved that the sympathy exhibited was due to the effect of Christian doctrine and teaching. There is, in consequence, a more favorable disposition toward Christianity than has ever yet been witnessed in India.

In Tinnevely, the most successful mission field of the Church of England in India, some twenty thousand natives have "voluntarily placed themselves under Christian instruction with a view to baptism; and the movement is spreading, so that it is impossible to surmise how far it will reach. . . . Village after village is laying aside its heathenism, and seeking admission into the fold of Christ." Bishop Caldwell, a veteran missionary, from whose report we quote, states that "an important fact in connection with this movement is, that it began on a small scale before the famine; was partially suspended during the famine; and assumed its largest proportions after famine relief had ceased to be administered, and when no temporal gain could be looked for!"

Glancing over a synopsis of the last annual report of the Arocl Mission (Reformed Church, U. S. A.), we find that nearly nine hundred families, numbering about six thousand souls, and residing in sixty different villages, have renounced their idols, and formally accepted Christianity. These have not been included in the statistical tables of the report, as it was thought desirable to fully test their motives before calling them Christians. This movement, although principally among the Pariahs, is not confined to them. "In one village seven families, representing three different castes, broke the sacred thread from their bodies, took off the lingam from their arms, and ate with the native pastor."

More recently still, facts regarding the wonderful movement among the Telugus have gladdened the hearts of the Lord's people. The American Baptists have been working this field since 1840, with very little or no success for many years. Indeed, its abandonment was very strongly urged in 1855. After earnest labors for a quarter of a century, very few conversions had taken place. In the decade of 1867-77 things began to look much brighter, and at the beginning of '77 there were over three thousand baptized members of the Church. During the famine, 1877-78, it appears that thousands applied for baptism, but of the vast number a comparative few were at first baptized. On the 15th of June, 1878, the missionaries began to receive converts, and in three weeks there were between five and six thousand baptized! On one day 2,222 were immersed. Up to Aug. 1st the total number was 8,691.

Other South India missionaries, while not being privileged to witness such mighty movements in their fields, are, nevertheless, very much encouraged by what has transpired within the past eighteen months or so, and are quite hopeful of a great ingathering before long.

Those who are in a favorable position to judge correctly attribute this remarkable and unprecedented movement among the natives to the following causes:—

1. The deep impression made on the native mind and heart in favor of the Christian religion, by England's noble response to India's appeal for assistance.
2. The unselfish and heroic devotion of Christian missionaries to the work of administering relief, providing work, and caring for the sick; forming a vivid contrast to the do-nothing attitude of their own sleek and pampered Brahmin priests.
3. While Christians were generously giving of their substance for the relief of the heathen, their own religious teachers failed to extend help, though many of the temples are richly endowed and have large revenues.
4. The evident and utter inability of their gods to succor them in their hour of distress, notwithstanding the countless prayers that were offered.

Altogether, the outlook is very encouraging as regards the success of the missionary work in South India. We are among those who believe that this very principle of segregation, which has all along proved such a formidable barrier to the progress of Christianity in this land, will prove to be a most valuable auxiliary. Whole castes and tribes will come in at once, so that we may literally behold a nation or tribe "born in a day." Our expectation is that within the present century God will do great things in India; for the indications are distinct and undeniable that "the day breaketh."

J. E. ROBINSON.

Bangalore, India, 1879.

Editorial Items.

A good deal of somewhat premature rejoicing is had over the late announcement that Harvard College is open to women. The door is not even ajar as yet. The professors have simply arranged to give instruction to any young lady, or ladies, that may be pleased to pay for it, hours not employed by the University. A band of excellent ladies of Cambridge have offered their services to arrange for these classes, and to exercise a friendly supervision over the young women who may avail themselves of this scant opportunity. It amounts to little more than private instruction in college studies, at a large expense, without the inspiration of common academic instruction and class competition, and with no diploma or degree at the close; simply a certificate of study. The expense, too, is liable to be very large. At Cambridge, England, a fine hall, Girton College, has been provided for young women where they have the same terms, the same professors, the same studies, the same lectures and the same examinations as the men in the various colleges for male students, in the University. Perhaps this pitiful movement at Harvard is the first reluctant but inevitable step towards a long-accrued debt of justice to woman, and all its accumulated treasures and opportunities will, before a distant future, welcome alike both sexes to their enjoyment. Until that time, every lady who desires a substantial education will seek it at institutions where the front, and not the back, door stands wide open before them.

Our fishing towns are liable to dreadful losses from the wintry gales that sweep our coasts. The terrible storm of the 20th and 21st of February proved specially fatal to our brave Gloucester fishermen. Fourteen vessels belonging to that city, and 135 men, were lost. This created at once great sorrow, great anxiety in business, and much suffering through poverty in the fishermen's families. A generous Aid Society for Widows and Orphans has long existed in that city, but this last great affliction, which has added to their bereavement 55 widows and 141 fatherless children, has quite exceeded their possibilities of affording adequate support. They properly call upon their neighbors for assistance. They do not seek to replace lost property, but simply to relieve the pressing necessities of these desolated homes, so suddenly bereaved of their natural protectors. Aid, even in small sums, will be thankfully received, and wisely appropriated, if sent to Joseph O. Proctor, esq., Gloucester, Mass.

Exaggerated statements are in circulation in reference to a supposed general movement of the freedmen of Louisiana and Mississippi towards Kansas and the Northwest. They are said to be crowding into St. Louis in droves, and in a very destitute condition. Some little anxiety is said to be felt in the above-mentioned States both on account of the large removals of the laboring population, periling the care of the crops through the difficulty of obtaining field hands, and also seriously threatening a decrease of population at the next census, close at hand, which will diminish the number of Southern representatives in Congress. But a little disturbance, at the prospect of an inundation of helpless families pouring into its streets without ability to move on towards the land of promise, or to provide for their immediate wants. The colored people have been, in some way, led to believe that if they reached that city, they further travelling expenses would be paid, and that forty acres of land and a mule awaited their arrival in Kansas. We do not wonder that these long-oppressed people desire to find a safer and more generous home where they may enjoy their dearly-bought civil rights, but we are inclined, from pretty good authority, to doubt the intimations as to the generalness of this movement. A floating, improvident and lawless portion of the population may yield to such sudden and ill-considered hiegos, but the great mass—a particularly home and locality-loving people—will cling to their birthplaces, suffer and struggle and finally win; for they have both numbers, the moral sense of the land, and right upon their side, and justice will ultimately triumph.

The Christian Intelligencer of March 20, relates a very remarkable case which occurred in St. Catharines, Ontario, Catholic Hospital, Brooklyn. A gentleman who had been a member of a wealthy family, which had been brought down to absolute indigence by one of the stock revulsions in Wall Street, was slowly but surely passing down into the valley and shadow of death in this Catholic hospital. Having been reared a Protestant, he desired in his last hours the ministrations of a Protestant clergyman. His wish was kindly and promptly granted. A messenger was immediately reached, in the vicinity of the hospital. He at once responded. Mr. Smith is a well-known, very catholic-spirited, free-conscience Baptist minister. He was courteously received by the Sisters in charge, and led into the presence of the sick man.

In the reception room he met a remarkable group—two Episcopal ladies and a Presbyterian—who were visiting the hospital. They all went together to the ward of the sick gentleman—which was large, clean, well-ventilated, and having an air of comfort for the sick patients upon the beds around its walls. The dying man was so hard of hearing that Mr. Smith had to speak in very loud tones, so that he was heard throughout the room. He presented, in a short, earnest and tender address, the way of salvation by faith in a dying Saviour, while often amens came up from the surrounding beds. Mr. Smith then explained the nature of the ordinance of baptism, and read from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer the Baptismal Service. Having received the proper answer to the questions asked, he requested the Roman Catholic Sister in charge to bring a bowl of water. This was done with apparent Christian sympathy with the ordinance about to be administered by Protestant hands. Then this broad-hearted Baptist minister, sprink-

ling three times the forehead of Lawrence Stanton, baptized him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The writer well remarks that probably such a Christian combination never before occurred on earth—a Baptist minister in a Roman Catholic hospital, reading an Episcopal baptismal form, and sprinkling a penitent believer, with a Sister of Charity acting as an assistant, and Presbyterian and Episcopal ladies witnessing and rejoicing in the reception of a new disciple into the kingdom of Christ. A millennium is certainly not impossible.

Col. Alston, of Georgia, a short time since, wrote a communication for the New York Tribune, in which he earnestly argued that life and property were as safe in Georgia as in any State of the Union. On the 11th of this month, in the State Treasurer's office, in the city of Atlanta, he was mortally shot by Capt. Edward Cox, and died in three hours. He drew, himself, his pistol and severely wounded his antagonist. Both gentlemen have heretofore been friends, and were members of the M. E. Church, South. The quarrel grew out of the purchase of the services of the State prisoners, chiefly colored men. These prisoners, thus farmed out, had been bitterly abused. Col. Alston was the State agent for their disposition, and he was seeking to improve their condition in the choice of those to whom they should be let. Capt. Cox demanded that they should be let to a friend or client of his; but Col. Alston, refused and sold the contract to another man. Capt. Cox threatened to shoot him, and watched his opportunity, armed for the occasion. Col. Alston had armed himself in self-defense. And the awful tragedy closed in the State capital; Col. Alston really falling a martyr in defense of his abused State wards. It is but just to say that all the leading papers of the State condemn the barbarous act, but intimate the sad fact that it is not a rare or a surprising occurrence. The carrying of deadly weapons is an almost universal custom, and personal revenge refuses to wait for the tardy decisions of law. The Atlanta Constitution has several admirable editorials upon the subject, in which an attempt is made to arouse the county "from the lethargy which permits, and the license which invites, these horrors." This would, indeed, be one long step in the right direction.

Hitchcock & Walden, the Book Agents at Cincinnati, have published a very valuable work, which fills a vacant niche in ecclesiastical literature. It is entitled, "Ecclesiastical Law and Rules of Evidence, with Special Reference to the Jurisprudence of the Methodist Episcopal Church," by Hon. William J. Henry and Bishop W. L. Harris, D. D., LL. D. Judge Henry is an experienced and able lawyer, formerly of Ohio, now of Danville, Ill. He was a member of the General Conference of 1876. Bishop Harris is without a peer in the Church as an interpreter of the Discipline, and has also a remarkably judicial mind. This noble work, therefore, under the best of editorial auspices. It makes an octavo of 511 pages, and covers every portion of its broad field. It considers the general question of law, its construction, its methods of redress, religious organizations, relation of Church and civil government and courts, disciplinary liabilities, the M. E. Church and its government, trials of various officers and members, judicial powers, modes of proceedings, all forms of evidence, etc. The volume should be introduced as a text-book into our theological schools, and all our ministers can study it with profit. It will be of invaluable service in preparations for Church trials and in conducting them. We should have been pleased to have had the admirable address of Judge Fletcher, upon the trial of a minister of the M. E. Church for heresy, delivered before the New York Preachers' Meeting, some time since, printed as an appendix to the volume.

At the Chambers Street Chapel there is a Chinese Sunday-school already gathered in Boston, which is growing in interest and usefulness. There are about 120 Chinese in Boston, and they are most of them eager to be taught and ready to attend the school. They are generally of good habits, thrifty, making good wages, fraterally aiding each other, and largely devoted to the laundry business. At almost all our academies, at many of our high schools, and in our colleges, are now to be found very intelligent Chinese youths. Many of them have already embraced the Christian faith and are thoughtful and devoted believers. In Yale College special opportunities are offered to Chinese students who are educating themselves for official positions in their native land. Some of these educated Chinese are now in this country with their wives—also well-educated ladies. Their influence will be felt more and more over their countrymen who are seeking in this land opportunities for labor. Harvard College is arranging for a professorship of the Chinese language and literature. The very natural discovery is now being made that neither diplomatic nor mercantile business can be successfully carried on in China, without a familiarity with its language and its customs; both ministers, consuls and merchants are exposed to the ready frauds and abuses of treacherous interpreters, and trusted Chinese subordinates when they are themselves unfamiliar with the tongue. It would be a happy opportunity, if such a professorship is established, for the special training of young missionaries destined to evangelize work among the four hundred millions of Chinese, before they leave home, shortening the time before entering upon their evangelist mission.

The Princeton Review for March has a posthumous paper by the late lamented Prof. Taylor Lewis, LL. D., upon the Relation of the State to Religion—one of his positive, strong, and powerfully-argued papers. Principal Dawson, of Montreal, writes upon the Genesis and Migration of Plants. Phillips Brooks has a specially interesting and characteristic paper upon the Pulpit and Popular Skepticism, which we should be glad to quote in full. The historian, Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D., England, writes upon the Sentimental and Practical in Politics; Pressensé upon Thiers; Pres. McCosh, LL. D., has an elaborate philosophical paper upon Final Cause; Philip Gilbert Hamerton contributes an interesting article upon Continental Fainting at the Paris Exposition; Dr. Patterson gives a sharp review of Late Premillennial Doctrine; and Sir Julius Vogel, K. C. M. G., of New Zealand, writes an instructive essay upon the Islands of the Pacific. This great and cheap bi-monthly fully sustains its high reputation as to the variety, ability and international character of its contributions. \$2 a year. 37 Park Row, New York City.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued a tentative tract upon the long-discussed and perplexing subject of an international copyright. They present, in parallel columns, the proposed copyright treaty, offered in 1870 by Lord Clarendon, and certain amendments suggested by American publishers. Our vigorous American home proposes, as these propositions for such a treaty have originated with one or the other parties without conference and discussion of the national aspects of the question, that a mutual commission of nine American and nine British subjects be appointed, respectively, by the Secretary of State and the British Secretary of State and Foreign Affairs, to consider and present the details of a copyright treaty, meeting as far as possible all the existing embarrassments in which the question has been involved. The Harpers propose that each body of representative men shall be composed of three authors, three publishers, and three publicists—thus combining all interests and giving a strong morale to any conclusion they might be able unanimously to reach. This looks like the most practicable plan, having yet been suggested, and we heartily second the motion.

Dr. Henry A. Reynolds is one of the ablest and most successful laborers in the temperance field, in the work of reforming inebriates. What he thinks of the necessity of the aid of law to give permanence to his efforts, he is showing in his untiring labors at present, to carry a prohibitory statute in Michigan. He has just issued this about and explicit address to the people of the State:—

"The legislature, now in session, is ready to give a prohibitory law. If you want it, signify your wish by forwarding immense petitions to Senators and Representatives inside of two weeks. This is absolutely necessary to secure such a result. A prohibitory law would be the keystone of our success. Yours cordially,"

"HENRY A. REYNOLDS."

The Doctor says forty-five members of the House are solid for a prohibitory law. If only six more votes can be gained, the law will pass. He anticipates trouble in the Senate, but says if the bill is defeated in the legislature, it will be the work of the Senate.

On the 22d of last February a body of 1-200 Roman Catholic newspaper men, of various nationalities, had an audience, at the Vatican, with Pope Leo XIII., presenting him a final address on the first anniversary of his pontificate. He made them a remarkably sensible speech in response, and gave them much good advice, which we fervently hope they will follow. Among other excellent sentiments he was adjudged upon them "a serious and moderate tone of writing which does not offend readers by an excessive or inopportune acerbity of style, or serve partisan interests or private advantage in preference to common good;" all of which, like certain almanac calendars, is calculated for the latitude of New York and Boston, as well as Rome, Vienna and Paris. We shall watch the issue of the true friends of the press, upon some of our particularly sprightly and snappy Catholic exchanges.

G. P. Putnam's Sons issue, in their series of "Economic Monographs," Hon. Carl Schurz's address, delivered in Boston, last October, upon "Honest Money and Labor." The battle, we trust, in our land is fought out, but the arguments will remain the same. Schurz is one of the true friends of the credit of the country in an alarming exigency. No. XII is an able discussion, by M. L. Souder, Jr., of the merits of our present system of National Banking—a topic of present congressional interest. No. XIII is Hindrances to Prosperity, or causes which retard financial and political reforms in the United States, by Simon Stearns. The same publishers also issue, in an octavo pamphlet, an essay, with illustrations, upon the Dwellings for the Laboring Classes, called out by the late discussions in New York City, and giving full descriptions of very interesting and successful experiments.

The North American for April opens with a defense of the Democratic party against the charge of intimidating the colored voters of the South, by ex-Gov. Hendricks, which is another illustration of the effect of stained-glass spectacles. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," gives an account of the eight or nine great and well-endowed preparatory schools of England, the lack of which the writer esteems to be the special deficiency of our American school system. We shall return to this subject hereafter. We have a well-written paper on "German Socialism" in this country. Henry James, Jr., reviews the memoirs of Rev. Francis Hodgson, introduced by Bishop Hays. It is a serious indictment of our Indian policy, in practice if not in theory, and has a powerful natural pathos about it. M. A. Hardaker reviews Hartman's "Religion of the Future." The last paper is devoted to miscellaneous current literature. This venerable review is now a fresh and vigorous monthly, edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, and published by D. Appleton & Co., 50-52 Broadway.

The Wide Awake for April falls in no measure behind its predecessors or its best competitors in the field for juvenile patronage. Mr. Benjamin gives a sketch of Wm. M. Chase, in his series of "Our American Artists," illustrated with a pen and ink portrait, a view of the painter's studio, an engraving of "The American Boy." The "Home" for this month is that of Paul H. Hayne, fully illustrated. A laughable story is told by W. H. Bishop. The popular serials are continued, and a number of fresh short stories, with a wonderful variety of miscellany, fill up this attractive magazine for the little people. It is not wonderful that its circulation is rapidly increasing.

Lee & Shepard have issued an elegantly published Estate volume. It is entitled, "Resurrection: A Collection of Hymns and Songs, with a Resurrection," edited with notes by Frank Foxcroft, and an introduction by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D. Some of the best of the ancient and modern hymns and spiritual songs inspired by the exultant associations of Easter morning have been collected in this beautiful volume. A sketch of the writer precedes the collection. Dr. Peabody's introduction is short, appropriate and very gracefully written. A charming collection of hymns of immortality will be of perennial interest to all lovers of sacred songs, in hours of private meditation and devotion.

We have received the very best annual calendar of Drew Theological Seminary. There are no changes in its able faculty. It has had a total of 91 students, 34 of them having previously graduated at collegiate institutions. We are glad to know that its accomplished and indefatigable president, Dr. John F. Hurst, is meeting with encouraging success in securing an adequate and permanent foundation for the professorships and annual expenses of this important professional school.

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The Family.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE.

Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, Feb. 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer time,
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
The blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shalings chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my handiwork found a home at last,
And whisper of the Past.

The Danish king could not, in all his pride,
Repeal the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smoky with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammer on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And it is enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, in Cambridge Tribune.

WILDERCLIFFE.

BY REV. E. B. OTHMAN.

That portion of Columbia and Dutchess counties which lies along the east bank of the Hudson from the point opposite the village of Catskill southward to Hyde Park, somewhat above Poughkeepsie, was familiarly known to the older inhabitants of New York as the Livingston Manor. This region is occupied here and there with elegant country-seats once in possession of members of the Livingston family, though some of them have now, in the changes of time, passed into other hands.

This extensive domain, reaching some thirty miles along the river, and embracing originally about 162,000 acres, was conveyed by grants of the colonial governor, and in 1715 confirmed by royal patent of George I. to Robert Livingston, who came to America in 1662. It was constituted a manor, with political privileges. The right of holding a court leet and a court baron was granted, and the freeholders upon the estate were allowed representation in the colonial legislature.

This Robert Livingston, being one of seven children, was the son of John Livingston, or Livingstone, a celebrated preacher of the Reformed Church of Scotland. Under one of his sermons, it will be remembered, after a night spent in prayer, five hundred souls are said to have been converted. He was kindred with the Earls of Linlithgow and Callender, and may be regarded as the common ancestor of the family in this country. Robert had three sons, Philip, Robert and Gilbert, from whom the most distinguished members of the family are descended.

Among the number, Edward Livingston, grandson of the second Robert, won a name, as a jurist, of world-wide celebrity. Rising rapidly to position as a lawyer in New York, he was mayor of the city in 1801, and distinguished for his self-sacrificing exertions during a visitation of the yellow fever, under which the city suffered. Removed to New Orleans, he was entrusted with the revision of the legal code in its several parts. His draft of a Criminal Code was printed in London and Paris, and has exerted, by its wise and benevolent provisions, a happy influence upon legislation in many countries. It is related that after two copies had been drawn out in MSS., and both were accidentally destroyed by fire, Mr. Livingston calmly said, "I shall rise like the Phoenix from its ashes." He applied himself again to the immense task, and in two years it was completed. While the character of Edward Livingston was thus marked by equanimity and determination, he was chiefly distinguished for amiability and benevolence. Made successively U. S. Senator from Louisiana, Secretary of State and Minister to France, he returned from the latter country in 1835, and died in 1837 at Montgomery Place on the Hudson, which shortly before had come into his possession, upon the death of his sister, the widow of Gen. Montgomery.

Robert R. Livingston, the Chancellor, brother of Edward, was one of the committee of five appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. He was Secretary of Foreign Affairs for two years from August, 1781, and the first Chancellor of the State of New York under the constitution of 1777. This office he held till 1801, having administered the oath to Washington on his induction into the Presidency. Having rendered distinguished services as Minister to France, and after his return being busy with schemes for the improvement of agriculture in his own country, and, in connection with Robert Fulton, for the introduction of steam navigation, he died at Clermont, Feb. 26, 1813.

This historical notice and family record has been brought forward as a suitable introduction to the interesting associations connected with the place, the name of which stands at the head of this article. It was a sister of Chancellor Livingston and daughter of Judge Livingston, of Clermont, Miss Catharine Livingston, whom Freeborn Garretson married in 1793. In 1799, he built the house at Wildercliff, a beautiful spot on the river some twenty miles above Poughkeepsie and a short distance below the village of Rhinebeck. The name is derived from the fact that on one of the jutting rocks which lie below the lawn, close to the water's edge, the early colonists found a rude delineation of two Indians, one with a tomahawk, the other with a calumet, or pipe of peace. The spot was therefore called, in Dutch, *Wilder Klippe*, or wildman's cliff. The mansion built here was therefore part of the Livingston Manor, but connected with a higher interest than that belonging to wealth alone, or to social rank and political renown; for it has been identified with the enterprises of the Church. It has been the charming resort of a large circle of Christian friends and the hospitable retreat of many a Methodist preacher; for some, indeed, under the bounty of its honored mistress in these later years, a pastor's home. For such churchly uses was it largely intended by its pious founder.

The long career of Freeborn Garretson is well known to readers of Methodist history. Born in Maryland of a wealthy family, and converted there under Methodist preaching, he gave remarkable evidence of the changed affections of his heart by the immediate emancipation of his slaves. His early labors as a preacher, begun in 1775, belong to that region, but were afterward extended into Nova Scotia. Wesley earnestly desired that he should be made a bishop. Being sent to New York, the organization of a new work of evangelization upon the Hudson as far as Lake Champlain was committed to him. His zeal was unbounded. In 1791, after three years of toil with his associates, an increase of 2,547 Church members is reported, and the four circuits, New York, Long Island, New Rochelle and Dutchess, had become twelve, reaching to Albany and Saratoga. He early found in Rhinebeck a few hearts open to the Gospel as preached by the Methodists, among whom cherished friendships were formed, as in the Sands, Schuyler and Rutsen families, and his permanent home was established in that place from the time of his marriage; though he still continued without interruption his laborious preaching journeys through the circuits. Dr. Bangs mentions as his chief characteristic, "a noble Gospel simplicity;" and adds that "it may be fairly questioned whether any minister in the M. E. Church, or indeed, in any other Church, during the same period has been instrumental in the awakening and conversion of more sinners than Mr. Garretson."

The house was consecrated to God in its erection. As the frame was going up, Mr. Garretson retired from time to time for prayer, and was much affected, he relates, with a grateful sense of the Divine presence. Mrs. Garretson reports a like consolation in the prayer with which the house was dedicated, when they moved into it in the month of October. His journal for July, 1802, reads as follows: "Tuesday, 20.—We rested at Travelers' Rest, upon the solitary banks of the Hudson [then neighbors were comparatively distant], with my dear friends, Freeborn Garretson and his prudent, pious wife. Thursday, 22.—I had to tear myself away from these pious souls; I do believe God dwells in this house (Travelers' Rest)." Bishop Asbury elsewhere says substantially, I think, that "Mr. Garretson built this house for the service of his friends and the Church." Certain it is that a remarkable spirit of Christian hospitality ever abounded here; that spirit which led Mr. Garretson to spend all his patrimony in charities, and to preach always without a penny of recompense appropriated to his own use; and to apply to benevolent objects whatever of annual income remained from the estate received by marriage.

The house, as may be supposed, was built in sufficiently ample, but plain style. It is not so lordly a dwelling as are other of the seats erected on the manor; not so extensive as the Manor House at Clermont, nor so stately as Montgomery Place, which is situated about ten miles above Wildercliff, within the limits of Barrytown. There are grand avenues of trees, many lofty and wide-spreading oaks and elms upon extensive and richly nurtured lawns, the luxury of gardens and wealth of adjacent forests threaded by numerous walks and enlivened with cascades—thoroughly English and baronial surroundings; while from the broad semi-circular pavilion, on the north side of the mansion, you look out through the open arches, across the river, upon the Catskill range, here appearing as one grand mountain of multiplied forms and varied hues, which, seemingly very near, rises, ever rises upon the vision in such a way that the soul is continually lifted up, so long as the eyes rest upon it.

The scenery at Wildercliff is not so grand, but for gentle beauty is quite unsurpassed. The plain, gambrel-roofed house, with its broad pillared piazza in front, looks southward, the plateau of the smooth-shaven lawn, sloping gently, is greatly elevated above the water, and the view stretches beyond that broad bend of the river, which, enclosed apparently, some three or four miles below, presents the form of a lake, and reaches away to the Highlands of the Hudson at West Point, in a clear day make a blue and distinct line in the distance. Many river craft go by, and their white sails are often multiplied in the river-bend. A light-house on the island in the midst of the stream, placed there to give warning of the sandy shallows on the western side, gleams out at night, while, in its circuit, the moon sheds its silvery beams upon the waters. Southward, on the eastern side, can be observed the sites of other mansions. The slope of the opposite bank is well cultivated and lovely, and higher hills rise beyond which climb up gradually to join the Catskills. This is a placid scene, like that of Rydal or Windermere, in which the gentle soul of Wordsworth would surely have delighted. For those who look out from the piazza, a usual resort both morning and evening in the warmer months of the year, the foreground is occupied by the well-shaven lawn and the lofty spreading elm at its foot, the tasteful frame of the summer seat fronting the water beneath two maple trees, the lime, the larch, the catalpa, and the tall old locust trees near by. To the left lies the beautifully arranged garden, which in its season is supplied from the greenhouse attached to the dwelling; while other portions of the estate reach around the house northward along the river and along the road. Within, the walls of the apartments, so familiar to the guests who came and went and assembled there, are adorned with family portraits, the benevolent countenance of Freeborn Garretson and the grave visage of Bishop Asbury being at once distinguished among them. The interesting library has come down from earlier days, receiving accessions from time to time; while among the treasures of the house are the autograph letters of Gen. Washington and eminent statesmen of the earlier period, of Mr. Wesley and others distinguished in Methodist history, persons with whom the history of the family in Church and State brought them, from time to time, into familiar relation.

Over this lovely and ever hospitable home presided the saintly Mrs. Catharine Garretson from the death of Mr. Garretson, in 1827, till her own in 1849. She reached the advanced age of ninety-six years and eight months. She had been converted to Methodism some years before Mr. Garretson preached in this region, by the reading of John Wesley's works, which were brought to her attention by the influence of a pious Methodist housekeeper in the home at Clermont. She resolved to join the Methodist society if one should ever be established in her neighborhood. The first class formed in Rhinebeck consisted of Miss Livingston and one other person. Mrs. Garretson's piety was marked by unusual spirituality, which was, nevertheless, far removed from bigotry or severity; yet it was very constant, and she maintained a uniform elevation above the indulgences of mere worldly pleasure to the last. A sweet charity and grace were constantly diffused by her presence. With no abatement of intellectual and scarcely of physical vigor in extreme age, she continued to manifest a vivacious interest in all that transpired. With warm friendships among her kindred and constant intercourse with the circle of wealth and political influence to which her family position attached her, and the utmost refinement which the best social culture could impart, she yet aspired chiefly after holier sympathies and gloried rather to count herself a "fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God." Her character is beautifully portrayed by Dr. Olin in his sermon preached on the occasion of her funeral at the Rhinebeck Church, and entitled, "Life Inimitable except as a probation." "I have not known a Christian," he said, "at once so humble and prayerful, and withal so fearless and confident. . . . Her last intelligible utterance was made up of what made up her life—earnest prayer and triumphant assurance. 'Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!' she cried, with eyes and hands raised toward heaven. Soon after, clapping her hands in holy triumph, she three times exclaimed, exultingly, 'He comes! He comes! He comes!'

And now, too little space is left to make mention of the beloved and ever-loving spirit of Mary Rutherford Garretson, sole child of that saintly mother, and inheritor of the family estate, who has just taken her departure from the scenes of earth, in her eighty-fifth year. We have dwelt upon the history of the house, for the memory of its last mistress is wrapped up in that. The holy mantle of her parents descended upon her. All that was excellent about them she inherited and illustrated. She was alive to all the sympathies of a family history. All the delicacy of feeling and manner which her birth and a life-long association with a truly cultured circle of society could bestow, she manifested in her daily intercourse. Her intellect was unusually vigorous. She was quick to appreciate the sublimest poetic sentiment and the finest literary criticism, and was specially fond of scientific studies. While herself able to read, and before partial blind-

ness had rendered her dependent on the services of others, scarce an important book of the day escaped her attention. No reasonings, however, presented from any source, could shake her firm faith in the Gospel which she had received, as it were, by inheritance. She believed implicitly in the Word of God, and her heart was also joined indissolubly to the Church of God. She used to say that Divine Providence had bestowed upon her many pre-eminent blessings in life, for which to be thankful, but none did she esteem so highly as her associations in the Methodist Church. Her heart was intelligently and readily open to appeals for the general missionary interests of the Church, and the Church Extension Society received, some years ago, from her Christian liberality, the control of a considerable portion of her property, which was to revert on her death entirely to their use. Nearly twenty years ago two beautiful chapels were erected in the neighborhood by the joint liberality and efforts of Mrs. Olin—who, herself a member of the Livingston family, has her summer home in Rhinebeck—and Miss Garretson. The pastor appointed by the New York Conference to this double charge has been generously provided with a home and the main portion of his pecuniary supply at Wildercliff. The last year of Miss Garretson's life was cheered by witnessing an abundant revival in both these rural congregations.

Evidently the contributions thus rendered to the Church interests by this Christian lady of Wildercliff were made, in no degree, from a compulsory sense of duty. There was no shadow of such feeling. There was no measuring out as in payment or purchase, and no touch of reluctance. The giving was the outcome of the large heart hastening into every possibility of service for others. This is known by those whose privilege it was to know with any degree of friendly intimacy this generous soul. So purely benevolent, so entirely unselfish a nature, could hardly be conceived in this world, had it not been developed here. Frequently reproaching herself for lack of zeal and usefulness, she seemed to others ever thoughtful, ever active.

The end of such a rare life, which her friends had hoped would be yet delayed some years, seems to have been hastened by her devotedness. Her sympathies being aroused by intelligence of the necessities of a missionary family and a mission school in Utah, she had organized a society in the village church to provide the clothing required. Having taken cold in attending a meeting of the society, at which she manifested unusual joyfulness in her benevolent activity, she was ill for many days; and then, though apparently recovering, was thrown by a sudden attack of erysipelas into a comatose state, in which, after two days, she passed away in the very earliest turn of the hours, Thursday morning, the 6th of March. "We watched her," says a friend, "as the breathing became more gentle and the face assumed a younger and softer expression."

Then very quietly," writes another, "came the beginning of the new life." We know not if an outward breeze was stirring. It would have rocked the branches of the elms "full-folliaged" in their season, and swept where often bloom the "rose" and "hly," and might in that mysterious moment seem to say, "The dawn! the dawn! and die away; While East and West without a breath, Mix their dim lights, like life and death, To broaden into boundless day."

That a life so long, so full of world-wide sympathies, so busy with benevolent word and deed, so warm toward other hearts, should thus close, without warning and in utter silence, seems, indeed, a peculiar providence. Such an ending has a sad aspect, and yet a cheerful one. Our friend's great characteristic was cheerfulness. This seemed to flow from her much loving. The gleam of God's sunshine was everywhere to her thought. And now, at the last, she saw nothing but life—and then, life indeed. "He gave His beloved sleep"—not death. His angel pressed with one hand heavily on the cords of nature, but with the other lifted the soul away triumphantly. Many have expressed a choice to die thus. Mrs. Barbauld, author of our precious hymn,

"How blest the righteous when he dies," wrote also in old age:—

"Life! we have been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night; but in some happier clime
Bid me good morning."

"SPIRITUAL ASH-BARRELS."

BY MISS C. B. LEWIS.

"If everything in the material world has its counterpart in the spiritual, then there must be—spiritual ash-barrels!"

Involuntarily I turned, at the sound of that queer phrase, to see my friend standing beside the window in a dejected attitude. The rain was pouring in torrents, the wind making miserable moans as it swept around the corner of the house, and if anything was needed to complete the desolate effect of the day, it was the sight of the numerous boxes and barrels of refuse standing helplessly on the sidewalk.

"Those old letters," she went on, "they may have been written in hearts' blood, but there they lie for the rain to soak them, the wind to blow them away, or the beggars to burn them. Old shoes, too, new, once; prized by their

owners whose feet they protected, now gladly thrown away and forgotten. Those bits of carpet! How worn and faded they are—only mere rags! Who remembers or cares what they were before they came to this? Isn't that a ribbon blowing out of that battered old box? It may have got into the rubbish by mistake, but it's all the same, it's too late to save it now. I hope some poor little girl will find it. And there's old iron, and crockery, and—"

"You must be seeing some of those things by the eye of faith," I said, going to the window. "I see principally—ashes."

Her eyes twinkled a little—they never could quite help that even when there were tears in them as there were now.

"And the trouble is," she cried earnestly, "that most of the ashes haven't been sifted. Think of the warmth and comfort and light of life thrown away in those forlorn old barrels!"

"But, my dear, there is none of it lost, you know."

Even as the words were uttered, an old man hobbled along the street and eagerly filled his canvas bag with the half-burnt coals which he had discovered.

"Yes," she said meditatively, as she watched him, "there goes some of the warmth and comfort. Perhaps it was well to throw it away that the old man might have it—very likely it's all he has, and yet I wonder if

"All that's wasted, wrecked, forgot, On this side heaven,"

As Jean Ingelow says, is as truly taken care of."

It is years since that rainy day on which she asked the question—years which she has spent in that heavenly country where we believe all our questions will be answered, as well as all our heart-aches quieted. Has she learned what "the mystery of the cruelty of things"—cruel only in seeming to those who believe in the great, loving beneficence at the heart of nature.

There are neglected opportunities in the world, broken promises, lost hopes and murdered ambitions, bitter disappointments and privations. There is affliction and labor and sacrifice and heroism which seem to exist only to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men, to fill those spiritual ash-barrels which stand all along the highways of life. Yet he who has told us that the hairs of our head are all numbered—that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father—He will see to it that the noblest attributes of life are not "wasted, wrecked, forgot," but kept in eternal sight and remembrance.

"I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS."

(Suggested by the resignation of the Principal of Wesleyan Academy.)

BY A FORMER PUPIL.

Loved friend and master—dear in days of yore,
But dear still with the advancing years—
When first we learned thy days with us were o'er,
We heard the message with a rush of tears

That came unbidden at the sad, swift thought,
How we shall miss thee in our quiet ways,
When April comes, with spring's new gladness fraught,
When June's rare sunshine fills the long, bright days.

How we shall miss thy kindly precepts wise—
Thy generous friendship ever faithful proved,
Thy helpful counsels we have learned to prize,
Since first amid our number thou hast moved.

Farwell! but wheresoe'er thy lot may fall,
Thy people's love and gratitude attend,
Who in their teacher, pastor, principal,
Have found that priceless gift of gifts—a friend.

WILBRAHAM, March, 1879.

THE "I WON'T" OF THE ENGINEER.

BY S. E. B.

A country pastor thus speaks of his experience:—

"Among my parishioners was an engineer on one of our leading railroads. He never attended a prayer-meeting, but was conscientiously constant at the preaching services of the Sabbath. He prided himself upon his integrity and uprightness, and openly declared his belief that God was not ready to convert him. When the time in His wisdom came, he would yield to the call and become a Christian. I talked often with my friend, and sought to win him from such a delusive idea, but words and prayers alike seemed wasted."

"One day, while we stood together at his station, waiting for the incoming train, he abruptly asked, 'Will you tell me, Mr. —, why I do not become a Christian?' 'Yes, I will; you ask me frankly, and I will reply as honestly; it is because you won't!'

"We parted for the day, and great was my surprise, at our usual evening service, to see the engineer come into the vestry, and take a prominent place at my left. When at the close of the meeting I gave an invitation for those desiring to become Christians to rise, he at once came forward and penitently bowed at the altar, accepting then and there the Saviour, whom he had faithfully served for years."

"In giving me his experience, he said that those words at the depot, 'you won't!' rang in his ears all through the day; that every throb of the engine seemed to say, 'you won't!' Above the rattling of the cars, and sounding louder than the screech of the steam-

whistle, thundered those two words, 'you won't!' In the street of the city he saw staring from each sign-board those simple words, which to him were a mighty volume of unwelcome truth. 'My own self-will,' he continued, 'my determination to make a waiting God wait still longer, my self-delusion in attributing to Divine Love my lost condition, forced itself into my soul's depths. The burden was intolerable, and I sought, as you know, the place of prayer, and with the 'I will!' came to me the joy and peace of a life hid with Christ in God.'

The honest frankness of one of our honored pastors with an inquiring soul was rewarded by the saving of that soul.

NEW TESTAMENT BEES.

HONEY-HIVE.

B Penitent—Acts 3: 19. B
B Prayerful—1 Thess. 5: 17. B
B Pure—1 Tim. 5: 22. B
B Peaceable—1 Tim. 3: 2. B
B Polite—1 Pet. 3: 8. B
B Prudent—Eph. 5: 15. B
B Patient—James 5: 7. B
B Persevering—Eph. 6: 18. B
B Perfect—Mat. 5: 48. B

These Bees make the best of honey all the year round.

—No Drones in the Hives.—

V. M. S.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... A writer having spoken of "a charming young lady of eighteen springs," a punster suggests, "Probably her name is Sofy."

.... "The intelligent foreigner,"—Miss Smith—"Can you pick out Archie and Kate down there, Mr. Calverley?"—Mr. C.:—"Oh, yes, I am very good-looking."

.... Miss S. (gentle):—"That does not mean 'keen sighted.'"

.... Mr. C.:—"Ah, yes, yes; what I mean I am looking very well!"—Fun.

.... That is a good old story about the aged lady on her death-bed, who was in a penitential mood. She said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time exclaimed: "Lor! I knowed it all the time."

.... "Facetious Youth (to shop-girl): "I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?" Shop-girl: "Yes, I believe we have, Sir. What kind would you like to see?" Facetious Youth (winking to his sweet-heart): "I'd like to see you with a ragsy!" Shop-girl: "With pleasure, Sir. Just hold down your head and I'll take your measure."

.... A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered:—"Ma-tis, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware that the good book says—er, says that it is not good that man should be alone?"—Then bade him better run home to your mother?"—Martha coolly suggested.

.... The other evening, at the conclusion of an earnest religious meeting in a Methodist Church, the preacher announced that the audience might sing:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," And receive the benediction by Brother —Northwestern.

.... "Where do the women's shoes go to, anyhow," exclaimed a vexed father when his daughter demanded a new pair. A young husband who is preparing to enter the school for paragonage, answered, "I know where the women's shoes live next door to go." "Where?" demanded the parent. "Her shoes go to our old house, which are always in the garden." The boy was placed on bread and water for seven days.

Gems of Religious Thought.

.... It is with the separate glimpses of the Divinity as with the famous Torso of the Vatican, the fragment of some noble statue, the memory of some earthy form, the struggle, which Michael Angelo in the blindness of his old age used to feel round and round, gathering by touch what he could not gain by sight, resting from the imperfect fragment an inspiration of the unknown whole.—Dean Stanley.

.... We read in the papers recently that Professor Loomis of Washington, had been able to telegraph a distance of twenty miles without the use of wires. He finds that if he can raise a metal pole to a sufficiently high altitude he can reach an electric current through which messages can be transmitted. We thought as we read the account, that it symbolized the Christian's faith. If he lives close to the earth the communications that enlive his absent Father are liable to interruption by every storm that blows, but if he rises high above the world, the evidences of his Father's existence are beyond the reach of earthly accident; above the influence of worldly things.—Alliance.

.... In my life one of constant, habitual communion with God? Not only in the closet, the family, the prayer-meeting, the house of God, but at all times, as my thoughts going up to my Heavenly Father, adoring His character, thanking Him for His mercies, asking for His guidance, committing all my way to Him? In this habitual and holy converse, do I walk with God, and find Him, as a loved and loving Father, continually with me?—National Baptist.

AT THE DOOR.

O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
Shut on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh shame! thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is dead,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
Oh love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
I did for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

—Sunday at Home.

Miscellany.

AN INCIDENT.

A little girl was on the train, recently, when a fearful collision took place, demolishing both engines and ruining several cars. Wonderful to relate no lives were lost, and no person seriously injured. People were expressing their wonder that not even a bone was broken when this child said, "Mamma, you prayed this morning, before we started, that God would take care of us, and I knew He would. He has, hasn't He, mamma?" Tears came to the eyes of several who listened, and one said, "Give me the faith of a child, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE HOUR BEFORE YOU GO TO CHURCH.

I have in my eye at present the hour

before you go to church on the Sabbath forenoon. I am anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Redeem it. Redeem it as much as you can from family duties. Redeem it wholly from conversation. How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparing of the hearer's heart! If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity—what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men than that they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—Rev. W. Arnold.

FIRST OF THE LIST.

1. Keep a list of your friends, and let God be first on the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of all the gifts you receive, and let Christ, who is God's unspeakable gift, be first of all.

3. Keep a list of your mercies, and let pardon and life stand at the head.

4. Keep a list of your joys, and let joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

5. Keep a list of your griefs, and let sorrow and sin be first.

6. Keep a list of your enemies, and however many they be, put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first.

7. Keep a list of your sins, and let the sin of unbelief be set as first and worst of all.—Selected.

UNCONSCIOUS FAREWELLS.

Every hour there are partings, thought to be only for a little season, which prove to be forever. Life is very critical. Any word may be our last.

Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to all our human relationships? Would it not oftentimes put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountains of our loves? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up strong walls between us and those who ought to stand very close to us?

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,—But for one night though that farewell may be,—Press thou his hand in thine; How canst thou tell how far from thee Fate or caprice may lead his steps, ere thou art asked, "How dost thou come?" Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street, And boys have grown to manhood, And mouths to legging years, ere they have looked in

